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MONTCLAIR R. R. TIME TABLE.

Leave	Leave	Leave	
M'tclair.	Bl'field.	Newark.	
6 04 A M	6 10 A M	6 17 A M	
7 37	7 42	7 49	8 30
8 53	8 59	9 06	9 50
2 16 PM	2 22 P M	2 20 PM	3 15 P M
4 59	5 05	5 15	6 00
Leave	Leave	Leave	Arrive
N. York.	Newark.	Bl'field.	Mtclair.
7 30 A M	8 22 A M	8 28 A M	8 34 A M
12 30 P M		1 21 PM	1 30 P M
3 30	4 15	4 22	4 30
4 30	5 15	5 22	5 28
5 30	6 12	6 19	6 30
6 30	7 16	7 23	7 32

Trains stop in Bloomfield at Grove and at Broad N. B.—The train due in New York at 8.30, A. M. runs independently of the New Jersey Midland. The 7.30 A. M. train from New York connects s. Monks by Stage and Steamboat for the Hotels at the upper end of Greenwood Lake. Returning arrives at New York at 6 00 P. M., allowing passengers over two hours at the Hotels.

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D. L. & W. R. R. TIME TABLE.

Leave	Leave	Leave	Arrive
M'telair.	Bl'field.	Newark.	N.York.
6 35 A M	6 11 A M	6 55 A M	7 40 A M
7 20	7 27	7 40	8 20
8 15	8 21	8 35	9 10
9 10	9 16	9 30	10 10
10 50	10 56		11 50
1 30 PM	1 37 P M	1 50 P M	
3 35	3 42	3 55	4 30
5 10	5 16	5 30	6 10
5 55	6 01		7 15
7 10	7 16	7 35	8 10
9 40	9 46	10 08	10 40
Leave	Leave	Leave	Arrive
N. York.	Newark.	Bl'field.	Montel'r
	6 45 A M	6 59 A M	7 05 A M
	7 35	7 49	7 55
7 50	8 30	48 44 .	8 50
8 50	9 30	9 45	9 51
10 50	11 30	11 44	11 50
2 00 PM	2 40 P M	2 54 P M	3 00 PM
3 40	4 20	4 34	4 40
4 40		5 34	5 40
5 30		6 24	6 30
6 20	7 00	7 16	7 23
8 30	9 10	9 24	9 30

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1875.

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THE BOORN AFFAIR.

One of the Most Extraordinary Cases of Circumstantial Evidence on Record. On the morning of the 26th of November, 1819, I read in the Rutland (Vt.) Herald the following notice:

ed to publish that Stephen Boorn, of lect too, he was allowed to stay. be executed for the murder of Russell and that he came from Mauchester, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY Colvin, who has been absent about seven Vt. years. Any person who can give infor-Sotary Public and Counsellor at Law for New York. of the innocent, by making immediate invaded by the cottages and villas feet five inches, high, light complexion, lived Taber Chadwick, brother-in-law

Mauchester, Vermont.

Barney Boorn, an old man, had two was published December 9, 1819. sons, Stephen and Jesse, and a daughter a few potatoes and garden vegetables.

work for the neighboring farmers. months inquiries began to be made appeal.

ed everybody. It was known that there had long ex- covered by dashes of cold water. isted between the old man and boys a clearing stones from a field, and that a dispute was going on, and Louis Colvin, a boy, son of Russel, had stated that his that he, the boy, becoming frightened, ran away. Again, a Mr. Baldwin had heard Stephen Boorn, in answer to the nquiry as to where Colvin was, say :

"He's gone to h-ll, I hope !" "Is he dead, Stephen ?" pursued Mr

"I tell you again," replied the man, 'that Colvin has gone were potatoes

For seven years the wonder grev Colvin's ghost haunted every house i Bennington county. There was no known proof that the Boorns were guilty, an yet everybody believed it. A button and jackknife were found, which Mrs. C. be lieved to have belonged to Russel; dream thrice repeated, were had by old women and kitchen girls-and ten thousand

stories were in circulation. Five years after Colvin was missed Stephen Boorn removed to Denmark, N. Y., while Jesse remained at home. After the former had left, some bones were ac cidentally found in the decayed trunk of tree near his house, and though all surgeons said to the contrary, it was universally believed that they were part of a human skeleton. Of course, then, they must be Colvin's bones. Jesse was arrested. Stephen was brought back from Denmark, and both were held for exam-

mented him with suggestions, which his ness. Neighbors helped. Beset with directions-told that there was no doubt in any one's mind but that Stephen committed the murder-urged to make a clean breast of it and thus save both his body and his soul, what wonder that the man confessed, or was alleged to have confessed, that Stephen Boorn did mur-

der Russel Colvin? On September 3, 1819, the grand jury is he?" found a bill of indictment against Stephen and Jessie Boorn for the murder of Russel Colvin. William Farnsworth testified that Stephen confessed that he did it; and that Jesse helped him; and they hid the body in the bushes, then buried it, then dug it up and thurned it, and plied Colvin. then scraped together the few remains and hid them in a stump. Upon this Boorn was released from prison, as

on January 28, 1820. senses. They asserted their innocence. deliberated but one hour be They said they had confessed as their ing upon a vedict of guilt u But it availed only to obtain commutation of Jesse's sentence to imprisonment for life-no more. Stephen was to be ed rehearing of fevidence what became

Let the reader now turn to another

chapter of this strange history In April, 1813, there lived in Dover Monmouth county, N. J., a Mr. James Polhamus. During that month a farer, begging food, storped at his door. "Murder! Printers of newspapers Being handy, good-natured, quiet and throughout the United States are desir- obedient, homeless, and weak of intel Manchester, in Vermont, is sentenced to said that his name was Russell Colvin

Not far from Dover lies the little tow mation of said Colvin may save the life of Shrewsbury, than a quiet hamlet, no communication. Colvin is about five Long Branch pleasure-seekers. He light hair, blue eyes, and about forty Mr. Polhamus, and intimate with th years old. Manchester, Vt., November family. Accidentally reading the Ne York Evening Post, he met, not with the This communication was copied very notice of the Rutland Herald, but wit generally by newspapers, and created a an account of the trial of the Boorus great deal of interest. Before describ- Convinced that the Russell Colvin, alleg ing events that followed, let us go back ed to have been murdered. was the vel to the year 1812 and to the little town of man then living with Mr. Polhamus, wrote to the Evening Post a letter, which

Upon the arrival of this paper at Man Sarah, wife of Russell Colvin, a half- chester it excited but little attention crazed, half-witted day laborer. They The letter was believed to be a forgery were a bad lot, poor, 'ignorant, and in or a fraud. Had not the best people in doubtful repute for honesty. Two mis- the town long believed the Boorns to be erable hovels served them for shelter, guilty? Had not one, perhaps both of and a few acres of pine barrens constitutem, made full confession? The bones coat, his jackknife-had they not and eked out a scanty livelihood by days' | been found? Had not an upright judge made solemn charge that the evidence In May, 1812, Colvin was at home. In was conclusive, and an intelligent jury June he was missing. At first this oc- found them guilty, and the Legislature sanctioned the findings? There was tramp, absent from home sometimes for doubt of their guilt-none whatever; and weeks together. But this time he did therefore no benefit of a doubt had been not come back. As weeks grew into given by jury, chief justice or court of

among the neighbors about the missing Mr. Chadwick's letter was, neverthe man. There are no tongues for gossip less, taken to Stephen's cell and read like those which wag in a village. One aloud. The news was so overwhelming spoke to another. Excitement grew, that nature could scarcely survive the Wonder, like a contagious disease, affect- shock. The poor fellow dropped in falnting fit to the floor, and had to be re-

Intelligence came next day from a Mu grudge against Colvin; it was in proof Whelpley, formerly a resident of Manthat the last time the missing man was chester, that he himself had been to New seen he was at work with the Boorns Jersey and seen Russell Colvin. The members of the jury which had convicted the Boorns, however, hesitated to accept anything short of the man's presence, and Judge Chase, 1

> The third day came another letter. have Russell Colvin with me," wrote Me. Whelpley. "I personally know Russell Colvin," swore John Rempton ; "he now stands before me." "It is the same Rassell Colvin who married Ann Boorne, Manchester, Vt." made affidavit Mrs. Jones, of Brooklyn. But it would not answer. Pride of opinion is stubborn.

However, Colvin, or Colvin's double, was on his way. As he passed through hatchet, and besides it would have been Poughkeepsie, the streets were thronged a great deal jollier to let the apple trees to see him. The news everywhere pre- be so as he could have stole apples off in ceded him. His story was printed in the fall. I don't care if he was the fathevery newspaper, and told at every fire- er of his country, he wasn't smart, and I side. At Hudson cannon were fired; in bet you the boys of our school could Albany he was shown to the crowd from cheat him out of his eye-teeth swapping a platform; and all along the road to jack-knives, and I could lick him and Troy, bands of music were playing, ban- hardly try, and I don't think he was very ners were flaunting, and cheers were giv- healthy either, for I never see a good en as Colvin passed by. Some men be- boy that wasn't always sick and had the come famous from having been murder-Russell Colvin was famous because and wasn't a coughing all the while, and

Toward evening of Friday, December 22, 1819, a double sleigh was driven furiously down the main street of Manchester to the tavern door. It contain. ed Whelpley, Rempton, Chadwick, and Although all the testimony when sift- the bewildered Russell Colvin. Immed- drums, and have to say his catechism ed was found to be worthless, yet the lately a crowd of men, women and chil. no I shouldn't like to be a good little two brothers were remanded back to jail, dren ga hered around, and as the sleigh boy, I'd just as lief be a nangel and be turn State's evidence. The jailor tor- their places on the prazza, exhibiting the last man to view. "That's Russell Colwife followed up with womanly adroit- vin, sure enough! There's no doubt about it !" came from the hips of scores of gazers. He embraced bis two children, asked after the Boorns, and started

The prison doors were unbolted, and the news was told to Stephen Boorn "Colvin has come, Stephen," said the

Rev. Lemuel Havnes.

"Has he?" asked the prisoner. "Where "Here I am, Stephen," mid his broth er-in-law. "What's them on your legs?"

"Shackles !" replied Boorn. "What for ?" "Because they said I mardered you." "You never hurt ale in your life," re-

The sequel is soon told. Stephen insupported evidence the jury returned Jesse also. Russell Colvin returned a verdict of guilty against both prisoners, Jersey. But the judge who saffered, at and they were sentenced to be hanged innocent man to be convicted of murder by the admission of extra judicial con-And now the men had come to their fessions-the members of the jury who last hope. Some compassion begun to that should not hang a dog-the deaco be felt for them. They might, after all, and church members who urged confes be innocent. A petition for their par- sion and preached repentance, and the don was presented to the Legislature. ninety-seven members of the Legislature sitting as a court of appeals, who refus-

BLOOMFIELD, N. J. FRIDAY AUGUST 6, 1875. What a Little Boy Thought. I am a little boy about so many years old. I don't know whether I'm a good little boy, but I'm afraid not for I sometimes do wicked things, and once I cut sister's kitten's tail off with a choppin' knife, and told her a big dog came along and bit it off and swallowed it down before Kitty could say Jack Robinson, and and sister said she was sorry, and it must have been a very paughty dog; but mother did not believe me, and said she was afraid I had told a lie, and I'm afraid I had. So then she asked me if I knew where liars went to, and I said yes-that they went to New York and wrote for the newspapers; she said no, but to a lake of fire and brimstone, and she asked me if I would like to go there, and I said no. for I didn't think there would be much skating or sliding on that lake, and the boys couldn't snowball, either, on shore, and she said it was worse than that, just as though that wasn't bad enough, for I don't think they can play base ball nuther. Then she asked me if I wouldn't like to be a nangel and have a harp, and I said no, I'd rather be a stage driver and have a big drum, for I couldn't play on t'other

thing. So I shouldn't like to be a nangel, for their wings must be in the way when they go swimming and play take and fly when one ain't accustomed to it. But have a great long whip and touch up the leaders and say, "G'lang there, what are ye doin' on!" I should like that much betterid' in'; and then mother said there was a dreadful stage of sin, and Bob hollered and said he "guessed I was on it;" and then she whipped us and sent us to bed without any supper; but I didn't care for any supper, for they hadn't nothin' but bread and butter and tea, and Bob and I got up and he lifted me in at the pantry window, and we got a mince pie and a whole hatful of doughnuts, and they thought it was the cook that stolem, and sent her away next day, and Bob said he was glad of it for she didn't make good pies, and the doughnuts wasn't fried enough; and sometimes I do swear for I said by golly the other day, and sister heard me and she told mother, and mother said I was a bad boy and would bring her gray hairs to the grave, and

she whipped me but I don't think it did

her gray hairs any good, and it hurt me, and when she asked me if I didn't think I was very wicked, I said I was afraid I was, and was sorry for it, and wouldn't George Washington, who cut down the apple tree, and was caught at it. said he did it, with his little hatchet, just as though I hadn't heard it before, and didn't always think he was a big stupid for cuttin' wood when they had a hired man about the house, and dullin' his little mumps and measles, and the scarlet fever, hadn't to take castor oil, and could eat cherries, and didn't have to have his head patted till his hair was rubbed by everybody that came to his mother's and be asked how old he was, and how far he'd got, and lots of other conunand Jesse was worked upon to make him unloaded its occupants and they took done with it, I don't think I ever shall her rode her maids of honor with dresses the better I like the boys." be a good little boy, and other people don't think so too, for I wazn't never called a good little boy but once, and that was when my Uncle John asked where I stood in my class and I told him next to the head, and he said that right, and he gave me a quarter, and when he asked me how many boys were in the class, and I said there were only two, myself and a little girl, and then he wanted me to give him back his quarter. and I wouldn't, and he ran after me and mothers had made them into warm Winter dresses and cloaks. Sunbeam had a muff of swan's down. The great sport in Winter was the queen's ball, to which isn't my father, and hasn't any right to all the fairies came. I wish I had time lick me, for I get enough of that at home. to tell you all about it, for it was Sun- space." Merely saying that "the balloon and the quarter wasn't a good one either. I con't had Uncle John and I guess he beam's last appearence as a child fairy as went up pretty fast," would be playing knows it, for he says I'm not like any the next Spring she was tall enough to be member of the family, and he says he ex- a full-grown fairy." pects I'll go to sea and be a pirate instead of a respectable member of society, and should not wonder, for I'd rather be pirate than a soap boiler like him. don't care if he is rich, it's a nasty business; and I shan't have to be a pirate

either; and a fellow doesn't have to be respectable to be a Congressman, for there's John Morrissy ! and he has got curly hair and nice clothes, and he don't lo any work either; oh, I know how hings are done , but there's Bob calling ne, and we're going birds nestin', for I know where there's a yaller bird's nest chuck full of eggs; mother says it's cruel and the birds don't like it; that I wouldn't like to have my eggs stole if I was a bird, and I don't think I should but I ain't a bird, you know, and that makes a difference and if you want to orint, this you can, for next to being a tage driver and a pirate I'd like to be an editor, for you don't have to tell the truth, and you can go to circusses with-

JOHN PAUL

The Story of Sunbeam.

Among the contributions to a sixteenpage paper published by the scholars at girls' school in Pittsfield, Mass., is the following fanciful little sketch, entitled. "The Life of a Child Fairy," remarkable down. as purporting to be the work of a little

miss of twelve years: "Her name was Sanbeam. She had lovely, waving, golden hair, and beauti- him. ful deep blue eyes, and such a punning little mouth; and she was three inches work of as Ilda us man, is shortly to be leap frog, and besides it must be hard to tall. Perhaps you think that fairies have no lessons to learn, but in this country they had to learn the language of the birds and animals so that they could talk with them. Saubeam lived in the hollow trunk of an old tree. It was papered with the lightest green leaves that could be found. The rooms were separated by birch bark. Every morning when Sunbeam arose from her bed of apple-blossom she had to learn a lesson in the bird lannother went with her and told her what they said. When her lesson was done and oh what fun they bad! They made a through the air. They sometimes jumped on a robin's back and had a ride. They played hide and seek in the birds' nest, and in the spring picked open the buds, and when they were tired sat on the danlelions or on a horse-chestnut leaf, or in full-blown apple-blossom. But if any one came into the woods they scampered sway as fast as they could, for little fairies are very shy. After a white they would ake and appleblossom syrap. The afernoon was much like the forenoon, but the evening was the pleasantest time of

ier applebiossom dress with two little lily-of-the-valley bells fastened like tassels to her green such of grass blades, Her slippers were made from bluelviolets forget-me-nots woven together. Her mother and her father were dressed in light green. A little after dark they started for their fairy haunt with fire-flies lanterns. The haunt was in the thickest part of the forest. It was covered the centre of the inclosure. One hundred gentlemen fairies with their wives and children were waiting here. Each had a fire-fly lantern. Very soon, from the brush wood, out sprang two white lows. "You should have rustreed it," dandelions with the steams so woven together that the flowers formed the outthe Forget-me-not fairies (for tuere are headed, and that if the big drum in different families of fairies.) The queen valley. Her black hair was fastened with what looked like a pearl but really was a place upon the throne, and around her then began to sing, and the fairies danc ed to the music. This lasted till midnight arm wasn't round my waist ; I won a belt and then the fairies went home. You can easily imagine Sunbeam's life throughout the Sommer and Autume; but if you think that she hid in her house all Winter, you are mistaken. In the An-

steamer Scythia from Liverpool to New er to get to the corn field, get back to York progress of the ship was suddenly dinner quicker, eat more, interrupted by collision with a whale. Two blades of the propeller were broken miles of the City Hall of Paterson. off, and the ship was obliged to put into without that ; and they are always talkthe port of Queenstown for repairs. Here ing to me about being rich and respecta- her passengers and freight were landed, married you will make it a rule to give ble, and going to Congress and being and forwarded to New York by another me all the money I ask for, and never President, and all that sort of thing, but steamer, after a week's delay. The whale, inquire what I do with it." "But does I don't want to be President; there is it appears, lost his life by the attack, for How can you so wound the feelings of Lincoln, he was President, and I guess he was found affoat the next day by a the man who loves you?" "Ald my dear," he's sorry for it now; and there's Audy party of fishermen, who towed him ashore. | was the quiet reply, "my motto is Prince Johnson, I guess he don't like it much The whale measured 54 feet in length. | ciples, not men!

The Ship of Solomon

By Arizona's sea of saud Where snow nor rains nor winds may fall, They delved the level salt-white sands For gold, with bold and horny hands.

A miner stood beside his mine, He pulled his beard, then looked away Across the level ses of sand, Beneath his broad and hatry hand A hand as hard as knots of pine, "It looks so like a sea," said be. He pulled his beard and he did say "It looks just like a dried up sea." Again he pulled that beard of his,

And struck a buried beam of oak An old ship's beam the shaft, appeared With storm-worn faded agureb The miner twisted his long beard, Leaned on his pick-axe as he spoke "Tis from some long-lost ship," be said Some laden ship of Solomon That sailed these loussome seas t In search of Ophir's mine ; sh! me. That sailed this dried-up desert see.

Varieties.

Most people are like eggs—too full of hemselves to hold anything else.

When a man is second to none be might ust as well be first,

What kind of paper most resembles

sneeze? Tissue paper. Is tramping on a man's coras one step

toward cultivating his acquaintance? Going up in a balloon is not particular-

ly hazardous. The danger is in coming When a man has a business that doesn't pay, he usually begins to look around

for a partner to share his losses with A new play called "Ambition," the

with a beautiful mortgage scene. Somebody has calculated that three million words were used by the parties in the Tilton Beecher trila. And yet they

It is singular that mineral waters are only beneficial to the wealthy. We nevknew a physician to advise a poor man to go to any watering-place. "What comes after T?" asked a teach

er of a small pupil who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering Juries in Florida are not much given to disagreements, "Hanged by parties

There's a verdict for you as is a verdict. An American has started a L dee of Sons of Malta in Japan, and the old Japa just laugh themselves to death to see the

naknown, and served them right,"

Mrs. Gordon, editor of the Stockton, Cal., Leader, has temporarity retired because she expects the coming campaign

It is always so in this world. The girl lark Sunbeam's mother dressed her in to lean over the garden gate with and

> A La Crosse man who committed sui-I'm going to a country were red-headed women are never seen." She was so mad that she wouldn't attend the fune

with mess, and a brook flowed through sign because he makes the children sing 'I Would Not Live Always" regularis every Sunday. Little Allie was crying bitterly, and on received a slap from one of her playfel

> the party who manipulates the "boss fidband is a very big dram, it is always

seven years old," said an old tiny drop of water crystallized. Beside the innocent reply, "the older I grow,

> cious Lebanon boy of his sister. from him, and he was taking my men sure," replied the indignant young "How are you, count ?" sai

way to a spruce-looking specimen of the

lignant swell, "who are you and why do tumn the fathers of the fairies had gath- you call me count?" "Why I saw you ered the bright colored leaves, and the counting systers, last week, and I am posed you were of royal blood."

ward into the boundless vacuity of serial

neighboring farmer recklessly ventures On a recent voyage of the Cunard \$42.25 that my bired man can take longthan any other hired man within ten



